CHRISTIAN REGISTER
AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1839. NO. 963.---VOL. XVIII.---NO. 11.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF DEPARTED INFANTS.

AN OLD SERMON BY THE EDITOR.

In Rama there was a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.—MATTHEW ii. 18.

It cannot have escaped the notice of any of my hearers, and by some the circumstance is this day most deeply felt, that there has been of late an unusual mortality among the little ones of this metropolis.

There is hardly a street in the city, to one or more of whose dwellings the plaintive language of my text will not apply—in which we may not find some Rachel, weeping for her children, because they are no more. Not, indeed, like the Jewish matron—according to the custom of her people—*lifting up the voice of wailing*, nor like her *refusing to be comforted*; but silently sorrowing, and yielding in her secret chamber to the full tide of a mother's bereft affection.

Such a Providence as this, produces peculiarly solemn impressions upon every reflecting mind; and touches the deep sympathies of every tender heart. And there are few, I believe, who will make light of an humble endeavor, to give distinctness and durability to the pure and holy feelings which this divine dispensation does, or ought to awaken.

Since we listened to the last evening benediction in this house of prayer, I have been called to perform the last solemn service of our religion, over the remains of *four infants*, whose parents usually meet with us around this altar.

It is true, that not one of those who have thus fallen asleep, had ever entered these walls. It is true, that their innocent countenances had not become familiar in this religious group; and that no vacant seat now marks their departure to the public eye. But, often, have their sweet images been brought up hither in their *parents' grateful hearts*. Often, have their endearing graces swelled our thankful song. Often, has the desire for their pure happiness, added fervor to the pleadings of our mutual prayer. Often, has the cause of their innocence, given strength and impulse to the holy vows, which the heart has registered here. And, *thus*, they have all their lives had a place, and an interest, in the Temple. Thus, have they been most intimately and worthily associated with the solemnities and the recollections of this scene. And, therefore, while so many of our number do at this hour, miss in their hearts, those who have been sweet companions in this house of prayer, it is right for *us all*, to sympathize as in a common loss. It will be edifying to all, to indulge in that train of serious reflection, into which the minds of some of our friends, are naturally and appropriately turning.

Another strong reason has induced me to make public mention of the death of those, for whom many are mourning because they are not.

As I have passed from one to another, and marked the divine beauty of their placid repose, I have felt that the sight was a holy privilege, and the scene fragrant with the choice influences of heaven; and, could not resist the impression, that so many sacred lessons—with a common moral—as has been presented for the study of the past week, pointed, as with the finger of Providence, to a broader sphere of improvement than a single bosom; and furnished a heaven-directed topic for the social meditations of this day.

And yet another consideration has operated to persuade me to raise this public monument to the memory of the infant dead.

When—as has been strikingly the case during the past year—several eminent and useful men, in the prime of life, are cut down in quick succession, a shade of gloom rests upon the community in which they moved. Many are the solemn lessons which are read over their untimely graves; and many are the notices, which, in public, and private, express the depth of the bereavement and proclaim their eulogy. And it is all well that such should be the case. For, solemn indeed is the event; and deep and wide, the void; and full of sacred emphasis the moral. But, should the *crowded band of innocents*, fall asleep together in the bosoms of their several homes, and be translated to their seraph's state, and the eye that reads over the weekly record of mortality, heedlessly pass by their little names? As if *they* might die, and the loss to the community be light? As if they might drop away, and teach no lesson? As if their brief pilgrimage might be ended, and no work have been done to make it memorable? Forbid it *truth*, and *piety*, and *love!* Let the elder, and the widely known, have their full meed of regret and honor—though there are dangers always in the eulogy of men. But, remember who took the infant in his arms, in the presence of the multitude, and pronounced over it the most unqualified panegyric, when he gave it his blessing, and called it an image of the kingdom of heaven. It is then in the spirit and in imitation of JESUS, that I would now spread out before you, a brief and imperfect representation of the graces and offices of those, for whom the mother mourns because they are not.

Who and *what*, then, were they, whose earthly being has been thus nipped in the bud?

Brief as has been their sojourn with us, we have seen bright evidences that they were *immortal spirits*. Premature, as now appears to us their fall, they have engraved on our hearts, by all the beauty of their innocence, the glorious truth, that they are destined to an eternity, in whose distant future, the four score and ten earthly years of the venerable patriarch, will appear to his retracing *spirit*, brief as the infant's dream of his past mortality.

They lived with us; and yet had no experience of our life. They were in the world, and yet had no knowledge of the world. They were possessed of all the elements of our humanity; yet all in their native simplicity; all mingled in the proportion in which the Divinity first grouped them together; all yet unmoulded into a human character. The *Divine* was there; and the *human* was there; and yet the great strife between the divine and the human, had not yet begun. The *wolf* and the *lamb*, slumbered side by side, in their little breasts. The Dove of God nestled there; and the beast of prey crouched quietly; and their hearts were conscious of but *one* inmate, and that was *Peace*. When the Divine moved, they smiled, and loved, and showed us glimpses of the indwelling of the heavenly. When the passions of the human were momentarily stirred, we saw the manifestations of the evil will, and recognised in miniature, the too familiar features of the earthly. And yet, one glorious distinction of infancy, who has not loved to mark! Their *good* was *unalloyed* good. But their *bad* was ever *softened* evil. Their divine impulses were direct and pure as the angel's motive; but their evil, was not like the evil of the man. Their kindred with heaven, was yet closer than their connexion with earth. Their spirits swelled beyond the measure of their bodies. The bright light, that lighteth every one on the entrance into the world—which, alas! is so often obscured, in the grosser images of the elder in the body—was seen to shine out clearly through the thin and transparent veil, of their mortal robe of virgin white. They seemed, as we fondly gazed upon them, almost like angels confined in the frail and narrow prison of the body, through which they were striving to reveal themselves to us. And now that they have departed, they seem but the more to have been angel visitants. Nay, it is not fancy now. The beautiful and mysterious semblance, is changed into a hopeful and glorious reality. They *are* angels, and they *were* so. They had never yet fallen from their first estate. They had never been driven from the garden. No flaming sword was behind them, to frighten them from the bowers of Eden. Pain and death were no dreaded curse to them. They bore mortality's doom in the body, but their spirits knew no curse. All who looked upon them with the eye of truth, reverenced the *blessing* of Jesus, written upon their foreheads; the dawning glory of Paradise smiling around their brows.

Such were the departed. Such their state on earth. The study, admiration, envy, of the sage. The subject of celestial sympathy. Whose undefiled idea lives in the nearest view of our Father which is in heaven; and whose reality reflects upon human eyes His smile.

And now, let us inquire, what *works* they have accomplished during their transient stay on earth? For even the *infant* worketh in the world; and often accomplishes much for mankind—how much, let angels sing. This at least we know, that there has been no waste of life and love in the creation of the infant that the earliest dies; that it has not been *in vain to the parent*, that so much has been endured, for the sake of one so briefly enjoyed; that it has not been for nought, that the breath of life just heaved its little breast to-day, and to-morrow left it,—cold, and pale, and motionless, as it were a sculptured cherub, clasped to the maternal bosom, in place of her living child.

No, not in vain! Disconsolate parent, do not cherish the unholy thought. And come all, and study the works which have followed even these little ones to the land of rest.

They came into the world, *bearers of a message from heaven*. Its burden was the new commandment, 'Love one another.' And they have executed their commission, so silently, and yet so faithfully; they have whispered it so sweetly and so often to the heart; their little prattle has uttered it so eloquently; and their soft smile has pictured it so brightly, that all home has received it of them; and far beyond home the message has spread.

The *mother* has *felt* it every day, and all the day long. And its effect has been seen in her countenance and heard in her words, and pervaded all her domestic round. The *father* has heard it gladly in the early morning, and carried its impression abroad into the busy world; (you may often read the infant's heavenly lesson on the exchange, in the workshop, or at the plough, in the newly blest father's smile,) and he has hasted ahome in the evening, well pleased to submit his heart to his tiny moralist again. And *friends* have caught the same influence as they have leant over the cradle, or taken its inmate up in their arms to bless it, and be doubly blessed in return. And *visiters* have felt the moral even in their transient stay.

Where is the one infant who has died and taught no lesson of love; brought no call and aid to affectionate duty; done nothing to refine and strengthen the holy chain of human sympathy? Whose heart has infancy ever *injured*? Whose has it ever left *all unaffected*? Into the tissue of whose life, has it not with its pure hand, woven some golden thread, some ray of joy, some heavenly tie?

Yes, they have descended to earth on their Father's errrand; and they have finished their work, and have glorified Him, before they were summoned to render back their commission.

And yet another office they have answered. They came to present to our admiration and our imitation—a true miniature of the heavenly character.—Innocence is the morning twilight of perfection. The same radiance that shines on the face of the perfect man is prefigured in the countenance of the babe. The elements of character in their state of natural rest, manifest the same expression as the elements of the mature character, after it has been tried, purified, sanctified, and balanced.

Every Christian grace displays itself at some period in the infant of but a single year. The friends of the departed will tell us, that faith, humility, truth and love, have been the common manifestations of every day. And even *patience*, that grace of so difficult exercise in all, those who have watched the little sufferers night and day, have seen. Yes, there are who will bear witness that they have seen even patience in their mild and calm look; and that they have felt its presence in those innocent minds, when, in the midst of pain, their countenances have often beamed upon them with a languid smile, as if of thanks, (how touching a recompense) for all their kind, yet vain efforts of relief. Of such, indeed, is the kingdom of heaven! Of such beautiful elements, all tried, harmonized, and fully matured, was composed the character of the PERFECT MAN.

No wonder that Rachel mourns, when beings such as these are not! No wonder that the Christian parent weeps silently and long, when creatures of such spiritual beauty are no more! O, regard it not,—ye who have never known what the parent feels,—O, regard it not a trifling thing to the world, that so many are simultaneously conveyed from the cradle to the tomb. No, ye pure spirits, ye pass not away unwept! Ye leave us not like the summer bird, whose sweet note ceases, we know not when! Ye are not caught upward like the morning cloud, and the early dew, with no eye to strain after your vanishing beauty, and no heart to miss your heavenly office! Your little graves shall not be overlooked among the taller monuments of the churchyard! Ye have left a deep void in the love and in the beauty of life! Ye have taught us your hallowing lessons! Ye have manifested bright glimpses of the kingdom of heaven! Ye have availed much, by the strong attraction of your innocence, to draw mankind upward to the Father! Your little span of life has been crowded with sublime morals, and your memory is written upon many softened hearts! Not one of your little host has crossed the flood, without a sincere and swelling requiem! the warm tear drops frequent upon the record of your departure! And the same breath that calls you surely blessed in that better land, tells how lovely and how lamented, below!

But, deep as is the loss to home and friends, of the infants who were their brightest life, surely no *Christian Rachel* can *refuse to be comforted, because they are not*. There is every thing of consolation in the infant's death. Every ray of comfort which beams through the Word of God, from beyond the grave, concentrates in the heart that views this event by the heavenly light.

How sweet their repose! From an earthly dream—perhaps a painful dream—they have fully waked in heaven. A vision of kind forms in the body, and of an earthly home, has passed before them like a painted scene; and then they have opened their eyes upon the smile of God, and the enchanting realities of an unfading home. They heard from afar the tumult of this jarring world, and now their ears are charmed with the harmonies of the Land of Peace. They stood on the threshold of this scene of dangers and of snares, but a kind Hand has caught them away, before they were harmed.

It was all joy to them to die. There was no dark valley of gloomy shadows, at the end of their journey. 'Twas only sleep, more welcome, and as free from dread.

What Christian mother would take them from the safe bosom of God, back to her own? Perhaps, she would be permitted to give them but one more earthly embrace; and then dying herself, leave them motherless to the dangerous world. 'O no!' I hear her exclaim, 'thy mother, darling babe, has gladly borne all that has been laid upon her for thy sake, and would willingly have taken every pain of thine beside; and now she will school her heart to bear without a murmur, even this last pang thou canst ever cause her to endure for thee—to bear thy loss for a few short days—the greatest sacrifice of all, but for thy greatest good. She will cheerfully spare thee so soon from her bosom, that thou mayest rest the earlier in the bowers of peace.'

And now, bereaved parents, and parents whose quiver is yet full, and ye too, Christian friends of whatever age, who have never called an infant, brother, sister, or child; all ye whose faces are turned towards a purer state, let these little heavenly messengers in the train of the Son of God, teach your hearts by the winning eloquence of their beautiful lives His blessed lessons. Let the ascending cherubs take us by their little hands and lead us upward with themselves to throne of God.

ABORIGINES PROTECTION SOCIETY.

A society under this name has been recently formed in Missouri. Mr L. Dodge, the Corresponding Secretary, in a letter recently received, gives us the following account of its origin and objects.

'A number of individuals residing near the western frontier of Missouri, having, for the last eighteen years, more or less acquaintance with Indian affairs, and feeling a deep interest in the welfare of the Indians of our continent, met together at Little Osage, October 1, 1838, and organized a society bearing the name of the *American Aborigines Protection society*. It is auxiliary to the British and Foreign Aborigines Protection Society; and its object may be learned from the second article of its constitution, which is as follows:

'Its sole object shall be to benefit the native American tribes. This shall be attempted by judicious inquiries, carefully conducted, concerning the causes of their rapid decline; by collecting, placing on record, and disseminating, to the extent of its means, well authenticated information relative to their moral and civil condition, and the character of past and present intercourse between them and their more enlightened neighbors; by correspondence with kindred associations, that have been or may be formed elsewhere; by seeking to excite the attention and enlist the sympathies, of the friends of humanity throughout the world in behalf of this unhappy race; and by the diligent use of such a measure of kind moral influence, as it may have the power to exercise, to afford the best protection it can give against the further operation of those causes which have been, and now are hurrying them to extinction. To the execution of this design, and the system of measures here indicated, each subscriber of this constitution pledges himself.'

The hope is expressed that the friends of humanity throughout our land will unite in efforts to advance this cause so far as relates to the aboriginal tribes of our own country.—*N. Y. Observer.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION IN CHINA.

It is now fifteen years since the Roman Catholic priests were banished from Pekin, and sent with all those who were discovered in the Chinese provinces, to Macao. Yet the French monks of the order of St. Lazarus, among whom there is no want of money, union, or enthusiasm, have been secretly labouring for the maintenance of the Roman Catholic Church in China, and their exertions have succeeded even beyond their own expectations. For some years they have annually sent two or three young priests to China, who quietly proceed to the head-quarters of the Missions in the interior of the country, and join in the work of conversion. There are now Roman Catholic communities in all the provinces; and in many places there are public chapels, where service is performed uninterruptedly, since the mission have had the good sense to train native Chinese as priests. In furtherance of this subject, the mission have founded two seminaries; one of these establishments is for the southern provinces, and is situated in Macao, whence the Chinese candidates are sent to Manilla, where they are ordained by the Archbishop. On their return they are sent into the interior of the country, where they live in the midst of their flocks as peaceably as ecclesiastics in Europe. The other seminary is in Tartary, beyond the wall of China. In this establishment the priests destined for the northern provinces and for Pekin, are educated; for, incredible as it may appear, there is in Pekin a Catholic community amounting to more than 24,000 members! There are at this moment two French priests in the community at Pekin; for the chief direction of ecclesiastical matters cannot yet be intrusted to the Chinese priests. The provincials are therefore always Europeans, though the necessity of averting the suspicion of the government obliges them to travel clandestinely, and often places very great difficulties in the way of the mission. Christian worship is publicly performed in many of the principal towns. In Tschingtufu the capital of the province of Setchuen, Christians are interred in the churchyard and over their graves are erected crosses and other symbols of Christianity. The government when not suspecting the presence of Europeans, observe the most perfect indulgence towards Christians. Christian communities, too, being generally remakable for moral and peaceable conduct, are liked by the local authorities, who having once tolerated them are greatly interested in preventing their direction in higher quarters, because they would then be called to account for their previous want of vigilance, when, therefore, a community is once formed, it incurs very little risk of being molested. An additional guarantee of its security exists in the peculiarity of legal forms in China. The first attempts to establish a community are not very readily surpressed, because the transport of suspected persons to the seat of the higher tribunal must be at the expense of the local authorities, who are therefore naturally disposed to wink at such matters, as long as they do not apprehend disturbance or public preachings, which might render them responsible. The reason why so little is known respecting the Chinese mission is, that formerly the missionaries were chosen from among the most ignorant of the clergy, and on their return they were unable to write intelligible accounts of their proceedings. The Lazarists, however, have seen their error for some time past, and have sent out persons who, in addition to the possession of theological knowledge, have, like the Jesuits in earlier times passed through a regular course of scientific education. They have now in China astronomers, botanists, &c., from whom interesting narratives may be looked for. It may reasonably be expected that ere long the Roman Catholic Missions will recover the extensive influence which they enjoyed in former times. They have, indeed, already established themselves on a better footing than they have maintained since the expulsion of the Jesuits, and should they hereafter succeed in secretly forming a native Christian clergy, competent to dispense with the direct superintendence of European provincials, Christianity will undoubtedly make rapid and uninterrupted progress; for the government seeks to surpress it not on religious grounds, but because it is an instrument of European influence. This observation is sufficiently corroborated by the following curious fact. Some time ago the Protestant missionaries distributed no the coast of Fokien 20,000 copies of Bibles, prayer books, catechisms, &c, translated into the Chinese language. These books were sent to the Emperor who immediately issued a very severe decree on the subject of the distribution of foreign publications. But, singularly enough this decree made no mention of the religious books, and merely referred to some of the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, consisting of treatises on geography, history, politics, &c, which had been distributed also with the bibles. —M. S. T. R. A.—*Christian Observer for July. Sing. Free Press.*

CHURCH MUSIC.

Mr. Printer,—That part of public worship which consists in singing hymns of praise, in our Churches, appears plain to me to admit of great improvement. And I will present for the consideration of your readers, the following plan, as an improvement on the present method of conducting that service, with a few prefatory remarks.—Every person who truly worships in spirit, and in truth, and who can sing, wishes to join his voice in every song of praise offered in public to Heaven's high King. His soul enjoys the sentiment, if he fully understands the meaning of the words it is addressed in, and it will very much increase his devotional feelings, if he can join his voice in the song of praise. It is of very little importance to a large majority of those who attend church, in a state or nation, whether the poetry of the psalm or hymn suit the taste of the very few of high literary attainments, or whether the tune is from the last week's edition of Psalmody, in which every tune is cut and squared to the musical taste of the last compiler; if the poetry conveys the sentiments to the soul, and the tune is familiar, and not jargon, the true worshiper can heartily participate and enjoy the delightful service. And one thing is very clear to me: all persons who can sing and who wish to join in the public song of praise should have that privilege, which is not possible under the present method in most of our churches. Experience and facts prove to a demonstration that ninety-nine out of a hundred persons in every community can sing, if rightly instructed at the proper age; and the time is not distant, when every man, woman, and child who has arrived at the age of four years, can join in singing the public praises of the Most High God, if they but know the tune. I would propose the following method by which I think every person who can sing, would soon be able to join in every song of praise. Let the clergyman, the chorister, and ten or twenty leading influential men of the Society select from 20 to 200 or more psalms and hymns, containing sentiments most congenial to their ideas of praise—also select the appropriate tune to be used for each hymn or psalm—and let each hymn always be sung in the tune set to it—and let there be a tune to every such hymn used without any alteration even of a single note. By this method, very soon every singer in the house of worship would be so familiar with the tune, that it would require no more effort of mind on it than it requires on the muscles when we wish to walk. In a little time, the words would be remembered as well as the tune, and the whole soul might be absorbed in the sentiments sung. The words of the song may be compared to the dish which contains the food at table—the tune to the instruments to carve and convey the food to the body. In order to enjoy the food, we don't want a new or a different plate, knife and fork every day or week or month, if the food is good and cooked in the best manner, the dish and spoon are of comparatively small importance.—If 2 or 20 is too small a number to select the hymns and tunes, let the whole parish be called together to devise the best method to introduce this plan if they desire it, or any other plan that is better, and which will give every one who attends public worship and heartily desires to join in singing the praise of God, an opportunity to do so. In some churches, and I fear the number is not small, the praises of God are sung by persons who are as little conscious of the sentiments sung, and the hallowed services they perform, as the musical instruments that accompany their voices. The church is no place to show off one's proficiency in the science of music, by the performance of lengthy or even short peices of difficult, highly finished music, which none can perform except they have had the best cultivation of voice, by the best masters. Such music is much more suitable for a concert—for the most of our churches the tunes used should be plain and easy for the voice to perform.—*Old Colony Memorial.*

CONVERSATION WITH STRANGERS.—The late Mr. Roberts, of Llanbrynmair, was remarkably useful by his religious conversation with individuals. He was led to the formation of so important a habit by a little incident which occurred in the early part of his ministry. Asking a little child the direction to a person he was to visit, he was informed it was her mother, and was led by her to the spot. He was afterwards told that the mother said to the child, 'You had the honor of walking with a minister of Jesus Christ.' 'No mother,' said the child, 'I am sure it was not a minister, for he never spake to me a word about Jesus Christ.'—*Leifchild's Counsels.*

PROFESSOR ROBINSON'S RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE.

By a late arrival from Europe we received from Professor Robinson the following notice of his last three excursions in the Holy Land. A more full report, prepared for the Geographical Society of Berlin, and which was read before that body, has been transmitted we understand, to the Rev. Dr Peters, and will appear in the April number of the Biblical Repository. A very deep interest is felt among German scholars of the highest name in the many important and unexpected results of these journeys.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Berlin (Prussia) Jan. 9, 1839.

Messrs Editors—In the N. Y. Observer of Oct. 31, 1838, you copied from the Biblical Repository a very brief and imperfect account of the journey performed by the Rev. Mr Smith and myself from Cairo by way of Mount Sinai to Jerusalem. The points of most importance in that journey were, our notes respecting the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea near Suez; the greater prominence we gave to the fine plain in front of what is now called Horeb; our journey from Akabah to Hebron through the great Western desert along the ancient Roman road, and our discovery of the ruins of the ancient Eboda, Elusa, and Beersheba on that road; and in the Holy City itself, our discovery of part of an arch of the bridge which once led from the temple to Mount Zion, many traces of the ancient walls of the city; and a fountain of living water deep under the site of the ancient temple. We afterwards made excursions to various parts of the country, respecting which I here send you a few notices.

Our first excursion was to the N. E. and N. of Jerusalem, and lasted two days. We came in an hour to Anathoth, the birth place of Jeremiah, still called Anata. Here we had a view of the whole region mentioned in Isa. x. 28, sq., in which (besides Anathoth) the places Gibeah of Saul, Rama, and Michmash are still seen, and still bear among the native Arabs their ancient names. In the deep valley between Gibeah and Michmash are two conical hills, which were probably the scene of Jonathan's adventure, 1 Sam. xiv. We suppose likewise that we found the site and remains of Ai, or Aiath; but the name has perished. Of Bethel, both the name and the ruins exist, near Nablous road, 40 minutes N. E. of Birch. To the S. W. of Birch, in the midst of a fine plain, is the rocky ridge on which ancient Gibeon was situated; it is still called Jib. Hence we returned to Jerusalem, over the high ridge on which stands the Mosque of Nebi Samwil. This is usually held to be the birth-place and burial-place of the prophet Samuel; but there are insuperable objections to this hypothesis; and we were more inclined to regard it as the site of ancient Mizpeh. The mosque was once a church built in the form of a Latin cross, probably out of the time of the crusades.

Our second excursion of eight days was directed to the S. E. of Jerusalem, and along the western coast of the Dead Sea. Passing through Bethlehem we ascended the Frank mountain so called, the ancient fortress Herodium, at the foot of which Herod the Great appears to have been buried. Thence we went to an Arab encampment near Tekoa, and spent the night. The next day we continued our course south leaving Hebron on our right, and came to the sites of Ziph, Carmel and Maon, at all of which there are ruins, and at Carmel extensive remains of churches and a Roman fortress. We now turned eastward towards Engeddi, still called Ain Jiddi; after some hours' travel came out upon the cliffs which border the deep basin or chasm of the Dead Sea, 1500 feet above its waters. A very steep and difficult pass, such as I have never elsewhere seen, even among the Alps, leads down to the shore, and to the fine fountain which gives name to the place. We bathed in the sea, and found its waters corresponding to the usual descriptions. The stories of noisome exhalations are fabulous; the trees and bushes around the fountain were full of feathered songsters and birds of prey were soaring in front of the cliffs and over the sea.

We were compelled to ascend the pass again, and travel along the shelving table-land above; because the projecting cliffs cut off all passage along the shore below. Thus we continued northward, and descended at length into the plain of the Jordan and Jericho. The Jordan where we saw it, is a sluggish turbid stream, winding its way through a cane-brake, and overflowing the banks of its ordinary channel, as of old, 'in the time of wheat harvest.' Jericho is a most miserable village, in the midst of a rich and beautiful plain, which lies mostly desolate. Passing from here by the fountain of Elisha, we took the ancient road from Jericho and Gilgal to Bethel, by which kings and prophets, especially Elijah and Elisha, so often passed; and from Bethel returned to Jerusalem.

The plague had broken out in the Holy City soon after our first arrival there, and had been constantly, though slowly extending its ravages.

as we now returned to Jerusalem, it was rumored that the city was soon to be shut up, in order to prevent the pestilence from spreading into the country. We therefore remained but one day, and then set off on our *third* excursion, to Gaza, Hebron, and Wady Mousa. We took the direct ancient road to Gaza, as yet untrodden by modern travellers. A principal object on this route was to search for the site of Eleutheropolis, the ancient Episcopal city which Eusebius and Jerome assume as the centre from which they give the distances of many other places; but which, for centuries has been wholly lost. We could find no trace of the name; but the names of many other places, whose distances from it are given, still remain; and tracing out these distances, from different quarters, we found them to meet at the present Beit Jibrin as a centre, the ancient Betogabris. Here are the remains of a strong Roman fortress and traces of an extensive city. Eleutheropolis was the Greek name, which has perished, as in so many other instances; while the ancient Hebrew name has remained. We now went to Gaza, and thence to Hebron by way of Beit Jibrin and Taffah, the Beth Tappuah of Judah.

After being detained at Hebron two days, we set off on camels for Wady Mousa by way of the South end of the Dead Sea, and so along the Wady El Arabah. We reached the sea after two days' journey, near its southern extremity. It is here extremely shallow; and its south-west shore is skirted by a long ridge called Usdum, some 150 feet high, composed of pure rock-salt; covered indeed with layers of soft chalky lime-stone or marle, through which the salt often breaks out in precipices forty or fifty feet high and several hundred feet long. Near the middle is a narrow winding cavern, which we entered about 300 feet; the walls, roof, and floor are pure salt. The valley south of the sea is about ten or twelve miles broad, and is here called the Ghor; it is low, and the sea at some seasons extends up several miles further than where we saw it. At about eight miles from the sea, a line of marle cliffs, 100 feet or more high, extends quite across the valley, and seems to bar all further progress. These are, however, only an off-sett between the northern part of the valley, and the higher southern part, which from this point southward takes the name El Arabah. The great water course or bed of Wady Araba comes down through the cliffs, half a mile broad, and here with perpendicular banks 150 feet high, bearing the name of Wady Jib,—a Wady within a Wady. Further up its banks are lower; but it every where exhibits marks of an immense volume of water flowing northwards to the Dead Sea. Its head is far south of Mount Hor, two-thirds or three-fourths of the way to the Gulf of Akabah; and it drains off all the waters of El Arabah and of the eastern and western deserts to the Dead Sea. The Jordan therefore can never have flowed through this valley to the Gulf of Akabah.

We entered Wady Mousa by the magnificent eastern approach to Petra; and after a survey of its monuments, returned to Hebron by a different route; stopping for a time at the fountain El Weibeh on the west side of El Arabah, at the foot of the mountains. Here, or in this vicinity, we are disposed to place the site of ancient Kedesh;—the nature of the adjacent country decides the point, that this city must have been situated in the great valley. From Hebron we proceeded west to Dura, the Adora of Josephus and Adoraim of Scripture; and thence down the mountain and northwards to Bethsemesh, where are still the remains of an entensive city. From this place, I might almost say, we followed the track of the cart on which the Philistines sent back the ark; and came thus by a N. W. course to the long lost Ekron, now called Akir, a large village 2 hours S. of Ramla. We now returned to Jerusalem over Lydda, Lower and Upper Bethhoron and Gibeon. The pass between the two villages Bethhoron is very steep and long, not a hollow-way, but leading up the point of a ridge between two deep valleys. Near the lower village is the village and valley of Yalo, or Ajalon, corresponding entirely to the circumstances under which Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still. We did not enter Jerusalem, which was now shut up on account of the plague; but pitched our tent in the olive-grove without the Damascus gate.

Our subsequent journey northward, led us over Jifueh the Gophna of Josephus, Shiloh, (which we were the first to discover,) Nablus, where we ascended Mount Gerizim; over Samaria, Jezreel, Shunem, Nazareth, Mount Tabor, Tiberias, Safet, Tyre and Sidon, to Beirout; where we arrived on the 26th of June. During all our travels, we have had constant occasion for gratitude and praise to the Almighty, who preserved us in the midst of toils, pestilence and war; so that not a hair on our heads received harm, nor were we hindered a single hour by sickness or peril. Yours truly,

E. ROBINSON.

For the Register and Observer.

Mr. Editor,—Few things are more discouraging to those lamenting the sinfulness of the world, and laboring for its reformation, than the miserable attendance on Divine worship in many of our churches, on Sabbath afternoon. To a heathen it would be incredible that, in a Christian country when a day is set apart for religious purposes, our devotional exercises should be thus neglected; and a knowledge of this fact would make him doubt our sincerity, and render him less ready to accept the Gospel at our hands.

The Sabbath, whether appointed for our observance in the Decalogue, or at a later period by the Apostles, and on their own authority, is admitted by all to be essential to the very existence of Christianity among us. No sooner is a work published, recommending but one service on that day, than our whole community rise up as one man to deprecate so pernicious an innovation, believing it the very way to convert our day of Rest into a holiday of pleasure. And yet these very individuals will often absent themselves from the afternoon service without the shadow of an excuse for so doing. It is a great mistake to suppose that we can employ the time by ourselves to greater advantage. The day is long enough to enjoy public worship and private devotion to our hearts' content; and we honestly affirm that those who thus excuse themselves are not the brightest ornaments of Christianity, are not those who are thus anxious for private devotion, but who only hold this out as a pretext, under which to favor their own indolent feelings. Let them fairly see how much they may benefit the world by a proper observance of our Sacred exercises, and we shall not again hear the excuse that they are better employed at home.

Would it not be well for our clergymen to hold this matter up to their people—to preach against desecration of the Sabbath as one of the crying sins of the times. In so doing they would save many souls from death and hide a multitude of sins. F. H. G.

March 6, 1839.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

INTELLECTUAL GREATNESS AND MORAL GREATNESS.

Much restlessness and unhappiness have been caused in the minds of the young and aspiring, by the preference which seems generally given to strength of intellect rather than to moral worth. Greatness of mind always has, and always must have charms for all, and in whatever form manifested will find hosts of imitators. Whether developed in military skill or in powerful writing, the greatness is seen and admired and imitated. The hero has swarms of would-be heroes in his train. The eloquent orator will be imitated by many a mock-Demosthenes. And it is well for the world when intellectual greatness seeks its development in forms adapted to promote the best interests of society, rather than in those brutal displays of military prowess which only desolate and sadden. Greatness of mind always must, in the nature of things, command respect, but the restless strivings of men of moderate abilities to atttain eminence, and their constant uneasiness, are to be deprecated as among the greatest calamities, which can befal human beings. For they are calamities which will never cease to trouble men, while, ignorant, of their real powers, they waste their strengh and peace or impossibilities. Is it wise in a man to torture himself unceasingly, and for no purpose? This question seems foolish and unworthy of an answer, and yet many practically answer it in the affirmative. Every one says at once, it is absurd in men to bring unnecessary suffering on themselves, and yet thousands are seeking misery, and of the keenest kind, and for no possible good to themselves, or others.

Supposing that we who are born to that mediocrity of talent, which is so equally distributed through the human race, could by any labors attain to the name of great, what then? Should we necessarily have increased our happiness or our usefulness? By no means; for the records of the great show that happiness is far from being a constant attendant of greatness. But our means for usefulness, it may be said, would be vastly greater. They might be, but the probability is that the *disposition* to be useful would not be increased, for they only are truly useful, who find opportunities for usefulness in their present situation, and are not waiting for some uncertain future opportunities.

But further, supposing greatness could be acquired, would it be free from uneasiness and disquiet? Acquired greatness must be a relative quality, for it can be great only when compared with the littleness of others, and of course to a greater or less extent it is founded on this littleness, and therefore must to a certain degree always be accompanied by contempt for the inferiority of others. This feeling is a sure bar against one's enjoying the present and highest pleasures. And if the possession of acquired greatness knows or imagines any one to be superior to himself, he must necessarily be disturbed by restless envy. And finally, supposing any one to have acquired greatness, which of course is impossible, for greatness cannot be *acquired*, is he free from the torment of fear? Even if he can trample down the ills and vexations of life, can he overcome the fear of death? Is the great man always great in his death? At life's close earthly greatness ceases to be great. Before the unutterable mysteries of eternity, it withers and dwindles, and distrustful of itself, seeks another's strength. How foolish it is then for us to be striving for what cannot be attained, and if attained, could not secure lasting happiness.

What then shall we strive for? Moral and religious worth. The pursuit of this is not chimerical or vain, for goodness is not the rare gift of a few minds, and denied to all other minds, but it is placed before all and no one is debarred from attaining it. It can be obtained by all who seek for it, and when acquired does give happiness. It is not harassed by contempt for others, for it does not rest on the imperfections or weaknesses of others. Neither is it disturbed by the uneasiness of selfishness and envy, for it does not measure itself by any human standard, but by the goodness of God which is infinite and above comparison. And it rises above fear. Not only does it overcome the ills of life, but when called to leave life it triumphs, for death has no stings for it, but is only the change to a better state, for which the whole life of the good man has been a preparation. While greatness sits trembling, before the coming king of terrors, goodness is smiling with joy.

H. H. J.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REMARKS ON MR. FURNESS'S TREATISE ON THE FOUR GOSPELS.

I have but just now perused this work, though it has been some years before the public. That it possesses much merit, no candid mind can justly hesitate to admit; exhibiting as it does, the manifestations of an enlightened and vigorous intellect; a charitable, devout and pious spirit. The homage he feels and pays to the Saviour of the world reflects signal credit on his Christian character.

But to my ken of vision there is a cloud of darkness resting upon his lucubrations in ix. and x. chapters. I undertake not to say that Mr. F. is in a fog, but that I cannot see to follow him; not that he is an erratic, but that I am unable to comprehend his course; not that he is unwise, but to confess my lack of wisdom to justify him. He comes forward with a new theory on the subject of Divine Providence and of miracles. If I understood it, I might, very possibly, embrace it. He strongly dissents from the common theory, so intelligibly and happily set forth by Dr. Channing. This theory possesses, at the least, and confessedly, one point of merit; it is entirely understood. And this is one of the attributes of truth. Ascertain the true principle of solving a problem, and then all becomes easy and luminous. The true theory of the Solar System is incomparably more easy to be understood than were the erroneous ones which preceded it. They were complicated and difficult in proportion as they were distant from the truth. The Ptolemaic, on this account, was more complicated than the Tycho Brahic. And Newton's theory of gravitation, gave a vastly more easy solution to the motions of 'all the hosts of heaven,' than did that of Descartes. The doctrine of the Divine Unity, and of the simple humanity and Divine endowments of the Mediator between God and man, is perfectly intelligible, while that of the Trinity and of Polytheism, is dark and incomprehensible.

I presume not to prejudge Mr F's doctrine to be false, because it is difficult to be understood. I only mention it as what seems to me an unfavorable index. His doctrine should be tried, and stand or fall, upon its own intrinsic character. It is hard, however, to pass judgment upon it, previously to its being well understood. How far Mr. F. dissents from Dr. C. it is impossible for me to determine. Does Mr. F. intend to deny that there is 'an order of Nature,' similar to what Dr. C. has described, and which includes one established concatenation of causes and effects, based on the most simple and efficient principles, bringing forth whatever comes to pass, special interpositions of Divine Power excepted? Mr. F. finds so much fault with this 'order of Nature,' that it would seem just to understand him as denying it. He says, it is too mechanical; that it makes the works of God too familiar to us (and yet that it removes God too far off) and God as working, not directly, but through the medium of a machine, so that events of Providence are God's acts, only in a secondary sense. He would regard every natural phenomenon as an immediate manifestation of the Deity. And to establish this doctrine he quotes Mr. Dugald Stewart as saying that we do not know that what we call the course of things, causes and effects, are any thing more, or other, than antecedents and consequents. When Dugald Stewart said that, he cast forth, darkness and not light; he spoke, not as a philosopher but as a mystic; he placed a stumbling block, instead of laying a stepping stone for our feet. Every philosophical man, in the world; and, every common-sensed man, assumes the fact that causation, in the usual sense of the word, is a reality, and that the effects of it are a matter of necessity: that heat will, of necessity, moderate cold; and that cold will moderate heat: that one pound, in one scale of an even ballance will be an exact counterpoise to a pound in the other; that an even mixture of white and black will produce a gray color; that the single division of a thing makes two parts, and cannot make three or four: that the falling of rain necessarily moistens the earth, and could not, as Mr. F. intimates, produce drought. If there be a manifest necessity in the connection between some causes and their effects (those for instance mentioned above) then doubtless the fact is universal. Why should it not be so? We could have no 'order of nature' without it. In what else could the work of creation have consisted, but in the communication of real investments, tendencies, powers? If God have invested the elements of matter and mind with actual properties, then they possess actual powers, and these powers must necessarily produce their proper effects. On this ground, there is a real 'order of nature;' but on any other ground, the idea of such a thing is but a dream; and all men and the world they fancy themselves to live in, are 'but such things as dreams are made of.' The science of Geology is but a dream; and the same of Astronomy, Chemistry and of all philosophy. The foundations are broken up, and there is no possibility of settling them again.

But does Mr F. really believe that there is no Order of Nature? Notwithstanding his mystical suggestions to the contrary, he, at length, comes out, in full embodiment, on the ground of its reality. He will have an Order of Nature, and that too, of a more useful description; more strong, more extended, more perfect. He represents that the old Order of Nature proved to be a failure. It needed special interpositions. Mr. F. will have one, so entire as to supercede this necessity. It shall accomplish every thing, that ever has been, is now, and ever shall be. The most astonishing miracles shall be its handy work. In this Order of Nature, mind is invested with such a control over matter, that faith shall do more than actually remove mountains; it shall convert the limpid of the fountain into the rosy of the vine; change the sightless eyeballs into clear organs of vision; impotent limbs instantly into sound ones; inveterate diseases into health; the raging tempest into 'a great calm;' cause the sun in the heavens to stand still; and transform a dead body into a living soul. All these are no immediate 'manifestations of God,' but literally the work of faith; the achievements of mind over matter, agreeably to the Order of Nature. One thing is no more supernatural than another. While every thing is wonderful, it, nevertheless, is ordinary; it is in course. Mr. F. is offended at the thought of God's having an occasion to work a miracle. It is beneath his dignity.

So I remember, some forty years ago, thought and wrote one Thomas Paine. He said, 'every thing is a miracle; and yet I believe in none. And he, who makes the Deity a worker of miracles reduces Him to the character of a showman.' And Paine said this for the purpose of impugning the doctrine of scripture-miracles. He would have an Order of Nature which should have no use for them. But I have farther to inquire; Does Mr. F's Order really exclude miracles? Did this Order of Nature produce such endowments as rested on Jesus Christ; the prophets and the Apostles? If not, then they were specially endowed. And Mr. F. plainly intimates this. And if so, then these endowments were technically miraculous; and Mr. F's Order of Nature, at length comes out to be as real a failure, as the one he has heartily scorned and exploded.

Mr F. judges it to be unworthy of God to do a work for the purpose of convincing the understanding of a man; the understanding, which is not the highest faculty of his nature. 'I have,' says he, 'a higher nature than my reason; I can love the beautiful, the true, the perfect.' Mr F. is surely in a mistake, if he judges that a moral nature can exist without an understanding. It is by this faculty, that the mind discerns truth, and distinguishes it from falsehood. Without an intellect, no distinction can be apprehended; no knowledge can be possessed. Our sensibility gives us sensations, and that is all. But sensations, (neither the mental nor the corporal) do not constitute knowledge. A soul without an understanding, can know nothing at all; not even its own existence. It is man's intellectual nature that enables him to know truth; to note distinctions, differences, identities, &c. Without it, he could have no idea of the needful, the good, the beautiful, the true. The plain fact is that man's moral nature is a combined faculty, of intellect and sensibility. Separate them, and man is not a moral existence. Without the one, he can know nothing; and without the other, he can enjoy, love, nothing. Without both in union, there is nothing in him, rational, moral, dignified, or God-like. The mission of our Lord Jesus Christ was, obviously, designed to bless and save men by means of the influences of truth, acting, through the medium of the understanding, upon their moral sensibility. This sentiment is clearly taught in the following passages of the Gospel. John, viii. 32; xvii. 17; xv. 3; xviii. 37, and in many other parts of the Bible. And, indeed, the faith, of which, in the Scriptures so high account is made, is a belief in the truth. It is powerful and salutary because truth is its object; truth is its foundation. And it is the understanding, and that only, which has any intercourse with truth. To any thing else utterly powerless: a non-entity. If man were not intellectual, truth could not touch him; and if it were not in the Order of Nature that man's sensibility, his dispositions, his heart, can be reached and modified only through the medium of his understanding, truth could do him no good. His new birth could not be effected, as it is, by the influences of 'the incorruptible seed of the word' of truth. But I must close this communication; and will do it, by stating, that I am enamored with Mr Furness's 'Treatise' up to the ix. chap. and, then, though retaining my admiration for the man, I am confounded at his doctrine.

Hampton Falls. S. F.

AN UNPERCEIVED DANGER.—One day Mr. Cecil called upon one of his hearers, whom he knew to be prospering in his worldly affairs; 'I am concerned,' said he, 'to hear that you are getting into danger.' 'What danger?' inquired the astonished hearer. 'You are growing rich.' The man took the hint, and escaped the snare.—*Leifchild's Counsels.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

INFLUENCE OF YOUNG LADIES.

March 10th, 1839.—For a long time the fluctuating minds of men, have been undecided whether to grant the fairer sex, the *enviable privilege* of public speaking, and the much desired right of suffrage—or to reduce it to the necessity of seeking, by the bed of the suffering, and the cradle of the infant, the extended influence of which it is so ambitious. I have heard many discuss this subject, I have listened to the misguided advocate of that social and political chaos, which would place woman in the pulpit, or on the battle-field. I have lent an attentive ear to the narrow-minded and prejudiced supporter of Oriental oppression, who would condemn her to perpetual confinement to the nursery or the kitchen, but I have never heard her appropriate sphere of duties so justly defined, or so nobly vindicated—her daily increasing influence so generously acknowledged, as by the Rev. Mr. Upham of Salem in a discourse which he delivered this morning, before the West Parish. 'If the world is retrograding instead of advancing,' said he, 'as some pretend, though as I believe, without sufficient grounds, it is woman who is to blame—hers is the responsibility, and to the suspension, or the perversion of her influence, it is owing.' And having pointed out how this influence may be exerted by the wife, the mother and the sister, having shown how deeply it is felt by the fireside, and at the primary school, during youth and manhood, he alluded in a general manner to the wide dominion which she inherits in general society, and to the means which he should use to exalt, ennoble and refine its character; but as he did not dwell long upon this division of his subject, I would offer a few reflections—upon the power exerted by a young and even inexperienced female in society,—upon that power as exerted over those of the other sex. It does not seem proper that one whose rank is high, who is surrounded by all the advantages which wealth can bestow, should refuse to mingle in fashionable life, because its flippant amusements are uncongenial to her spirit, or its chilling ceremonials unattractive to her imagination. Even in the ball-room or at the opera, her mind may give the tone to the conversation, and exert its influence over the minds of her companions—is it not better, that she should occasionally join their circles, and do what she may to elevate their conceptions of pleasure and profit? Besides an intercourse with what is termed 'the world' gives polish to the manner, and a better opportunity for the study of men and things, than can be found otherwise. But this difficulty once over, how shall she regulate her conduct, so as to give no encouragement to vice or levity? A pure and thoughtful female, may do nothing wrong *herself*, may disseminate only the principles necessary to spiritual vitality, but if she does not practise what she teaches she exerts no steady influence. She who sins against her own theory, is but a poor preacher, so if the female who exclaims against fashionable follies, who acknowledges that he whose boast it is, that he has never read his Bible, and he who triumphs over the victims of his own passion, are alike the objects of her contempt and aversion—does a positive injury to the cause she espouses, if at the same time she lavishes her smiles upon the profligate, and admits the attentions of the prodigal. 'My dear Ellen!' I once exclaimed, to a young companion, who had been flirting and smiling with a French-slippered—Paris-gloved youth—the very picture of innocent gaiety, 'do you know with whom you have been talking so merrily? do you know that he is a dissipated gambler, a libertine, a—' 'Hush! hush!' she exclaimed playfully putting her hand upon her mouth, and glancing towards him, 'who could withstand so fascinating a smile, so graceful an address!' My heart rose to my lips. I felt for my sex—Young, beautiful, enthusiastic, Ellen possessed an influence, which she exerted only for evil! 'And so, for a graceful address, young girl! you will condescend to smile upon the debauchee, and countenance crimes whose very name, would bring the indignant blush to your cheek! Oh! turn coldly from those whose conduct you cannot conscientiously approve, and let them see by your manner that you do not consider them proper associates for the Young and innocent, let them feel their inferiority to the virtuous, and sink into the obscurity they merit. There are many who deserve your esteem, many who are anxiously striving to do well, and uniformly, successfully, resisting the temptations, to which as collegians and youthful citizens, they are exposed;—but who droop on their lonely way—whose hearts fail—and whose spirits flag—for they find that the young and fair regard those who have gained an attractive and degagee air, from their very intimacy with vice, with that approbation which should be theirs alone! See! there is one, he is awkward in figure, and diffident in manner but he is innocent—and will receive your kindness with modest gratitude.' And what is the maiden's reply, 'Oh! *he is too stupid to do any mischief*, how can you expect one to talk to *him?*' Give me those who are too stupid to do evil—and let me ask—whose is the fault, if the rising generation, are greater fops—fools! if you will, than their fathers were? It is woman's—with her rest the blame, and dearly as I love my sex, I will be the last to shield her, from the censure she deserves. It is not long, since I talked with a young friend, whom I once esteemed, and who, I was sorry to see, had adopted the manners and dress of the fashionable coterie, to which he belonged. 'Have you no ambition to excel?' I exclaimed, 'No desire to be useful to your race? what were you made for? Certainly not, to flourish an ebony cane—not to sprinkle yourself with cologne or orange-flower—not to bow gracefully or to sigh softly,—not to talk like a Euphuist to your female friends, or to dance well on a spring floor. No! you are an immortal being, and why debase your natural faculties, why degrade a mind sensible of its responsibilities thus utterly?' 'Just listen one moment,' he replied, 'the principal aim of every young man, is to gain the favor and esteem, of the females with whom he associates,—I regret to say, that upright intention and a sober carriage will not do this for him—he sees these machines of wire and pasteboard, the joint production of a French dancing master, and a London milliner—is successful, and he emulates his folly. Believe me, if you young ladies would scorn such puppyism, if you would express your unqualified dislike of affectation, and hypocrisy, if you would neither talk nor walk, nor sing, nor waltz, with those whose principles were not as unexceptionable, as the cut of their coats, you would remodel society, you would excite laudable ambition in our breasts, and we should begin to believe that it is possible to exist without the actual possession of five thousand a year. You tell me,' he continued, 'that the present aristocracy in this city, is one of industrious capitalists, it consists of men who have risen from destitution, to affluence, by the exercise, the continued exercise of every mental and physical faculty, that their industry, their talents, their perseverance, their success, have secured them the respect of their fellow-citizens, but you say that a similar class must arise and take their place, for their fashionable sons will never fill it—*they* are to come into immediate possession of the wealth which their parents, have earned so hardly. They will squander it—and why? because they are too indolent to accumulate for themselves, or to use what they have for the benefit of others. And why are they indolent you *ask*—it is for you to *answer* the question. Where is the youthful female who encourages them to be active, by an all-powerful example, who points out the way to honorable fame? It is really impossible to find out in what way our ladies occupy their time. Often have I asked a young girl, when I have heard her complaining that she had not time for this or that, what were her usual employments. Her answer? 'Why! she could not exactly tell, she neither wrote nor read, nor worked, nor conformed the common usages of society, but she eat a little, played a little, sang a little, drew a little.' A profitable life she led of it, truly! but it is the life led by thousands of your sex, and believe me, my friend, until you give us a motive for exertion we shall be very well contented to remain what we are.' What could I do, but blush, and be silent?

C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

composed for, and sung at the Dedication of the New Meeting-house of the Independent Congregational Society in Waltham.

Eternal Spirit! God supreme!
Thou, whom the heavens cannot contain,
On us, O condescend to beam,
And with thy presence fill this fane.

To thee this temple we have reared;
Here wilt thou deign to place thy name,
Worthy to be by all revered,
Who from thy hand their lineage claim.

Here may thy servants ever meet,
Devote to Thee one day in seven,
Together hold communion sweet,
And find this house the gate of heaven.

Forever guard thy little flock,
Who may these courts hereafter tread,
O give them water from the Rock,
And feed them with the living Bread.

Here may religion's spirit reign,
Spirit of meekness, truth and love,
That we may hope to share again
Thy favor in the realms above.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1839.

CARDINAL CHEVERUS.

Our Readers may remember that we noticed the publication, in this city, of a part of the Life of this eminent individual, translated from the French of J. Huen-Dubourg, by Mr. E. Stewart.

Several critiques upon this work were published in the daily newspapers and one in the Register, in which several errors of M. Dubourg were exposed, and that gentleman was handled with no little severity.

James Munroe and Co. have recently sent us the complete work, which they have published in a very neat and well printed volume.

This volume contains a preface by the Translator, and also an Appendix, which embodies the result of his careful investigation of those statements of Dubourg which required confirmation or explanation.

The Translator says,

Whatever estimate be set upon the value of some of the authorities there cited, I am persuaded, that, upon inspection, every candid and intelligent mind will at once acquit the biographer of the charge of fabrication and wilful mis-statement; a charge brought against him, in certain of the Boston journals, since the publication of the first two Books of this Translation. Knowing the high estimation for piety and integrity in which M. Dubourg was held, both in Bordeaux and in Paris, and having myself observed that he enjoyed the confidence and intimate friendship of Cardinal Cheverus, it was with concern, that I noticed, in the respectable journals alluded to, strictures so deeply affecting his honesty, and the truth and credibility of his narrative. That these strictures are in the main unfounded, I cannot entertain a doubt; and, so far as they are directed against particular statements as to matters of fact, I think the evidence furnished in the Appendix abundantly proves them so.

Upon examining the Appendix, and weighing the considerations presented in the Preface, we must confess that we have been led to entertain a higher estimation of Dubourg's work, than we had formed on a first perusal. The objections which have been brought against the veracity of the writer are to a great extent removed. It is clearly proved that the biographer had, in the main, good authority for his statements, although he has exaggerated and over colored his facts, and stretched his inferences beyond their legitimate extent.

The Book is interesting and instructive.

DEATH OF DR. COOPER.

A late Southern paper announces the death of Dr. Thomas Cooper of South Carolina, at the advanced age of eighty.

This gentleman has been widely known both in Europe and America, and much distinguished as a scholar and a man of science. He has filled several important offices. He was once a Judge in Pennsylvania, and afterwards a Professor and subsequently the President of the South Carolina college. After having resigned the latter office he was appointed by the Legislature of S. C. to the work of arranging and publishing an edition of the Statutes at large of that state.

The friends of religion have had occasion to regret the opinions which he entertained and expressed on that most important of all subjects. We could have wished, for his fame and his influence, that this stigma had not been affixed to his name. He possessed some good qualities of mind and heart, but was deficient in the crowning excellence of human character, and has justly received the censure of good men.

TRUE CHARITY.

One of the most beautiful instances of the considerate kindness of true charity with which we are acquainted is that of the benevolent Dr. Wilson of England. He once discovered a clergyman at Bath who, as he was informed, was sick and poor, and at the same time oppressed with the care of maintaining a numerous family. In the evening he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, 'I will wait upon him early in the morning.' You will oblige me, sir, by calling directly. Think of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man.

SEMINARIES FOR THE EDUCATION OF TEACHERS.

While so much is heard in praise of the experiments which are commencing in this community for the education of Teachers, it may not be useless to attend to remarks of sensible men, who take a different and unfavorable view of them.

We have received an address on the subject of Popular Education, which was delivered at the annual commencement of East Tenessee College, Sept. 12, 1838, by Joseph Estabrook, A. M. President of that Institution, the author of which is in favor of turning public and legislative attention in his own State, rather to the Institutions *already existing* than to the establishment of new ones. The latter proposal, he considers, though 'specious in theory and very imposing in name, to be at the present time attended with insuperable objections.' The most important of his remarks upon the subject are here copied. Some will think the President's notions heretical and censurable.

To collect and bring together such facilities, advantages, &c., as are necessary to the proper degree of literary excitement, will require an amount of expenditure equal to the endowment of a College. The Institution, if worth any thing, must be, in essence, a College, though under a different name. And if we had the means, I should question the policy of withdrawing from the older seminaries the influence which is raising them to distinction, to the confidence of the community, in order to concentrate it about new ones; or, in other words, to pull down with one hand to build up with the other. We shall do more than this; there will be such a division of interest as to neutralize or paralize all.

Seminaries, founded exclusively for the education of common school teachers do not suit the present condition of this section of the country. If our population, like that of Prussia, were so numerous, and employment so difficult, that multitudes would esteem it a favor to become teachers of this class for life, and at a moderate compensation, we might adopt her system, educate teachers and give them a pension for life, after a given length of service, as she has done. Her system, though beautiful, and perfect in its place, neither suits our circumstances, nor our form of government. Such seminaries for the other sex are highly useful and succeed well; because they aspire to no higher employment than that for which they are educated. But a young man in this country, where so many attractive avocations present themselves, who aims at nothing farther than to become a common school teacher for life, would seldom be worth having. How, then, can we possibly need seminaries, exclusively to train youth for professions which they will not follow? The remarks of a New-York editor of much experience and talent, in reply to the inquiries of a gentleman of the West, on the subject of teachers, give us the views which are there entertained. 'The best teachers,' says the writer, 'for common schools, are young men, &c. who do not intend to pursue that business for life; but are preparing themselves

for some higher station. The children whom they teach, catch something of their lofty hopes and intentions, and are the better for it. We never saw a professional common school-master for life who was good for any thing.' It is possible, I doubt not, to make common school teaching a profession; but nothing short of the power of the Prussian Monarch, or the Treasury of the United States would accomplish it. The institutions already established in our State, beng adapted to the avocations and circumstances of the country, seem to me, on that account, to be far preferable for the proposal object; and, by making use of them, we adopt a plan which, in every instance, has been eminently successful, instead of launching out into the untried ocean of experiment. If the College do its duty, the proper qualification, the proper spirit, will go thence to the Academy, from the Academy to the common school; each, in turn, will harmoniously perform its appropiate office in the grand work of advancing education. When this is done, should there still be a deficiency of teachers, we may with propriety and advantage increase the number of our Academies, or establish separate schools for their education, as circumstances may reduire. But I repeat, let us first use the Institutions already established, make them what they should be, before we add to the numher.

POMPEII, ROME &c.

Extracts from a Private Letter.

* * * * Accompany me, if you please from Paris, let us make a rapid journey through the south of France until we reach the Rhone, and here I will embark alone on board the government steam frigate. Nothing of the kind can be more beautiful than a passage down this river, its banks covered with vineyards, sometimes running through a chain of hills, the tops of each capped with old fortresses, making a complete line of defence for miles; then passing among lovely valleys, and beautiful ravines, covered with villages, some situated at the bottom, and others at the sides of the hills; every turn in the river varying the scene. On my way I passed the place where Hannibal crossed, and saw also some ancient Roman bridges, till finally I found myself at Marseilles, and embarked, for the first time, on the Mediterranean; which is indeed a beautiful sea, its shore indented with little bays, into which its tideless waters sweetly and quietly roll, giving one (on a sunny day) a perfect idea of peace. * * * * My first night on board was under a full moon, and in the morning I saw the 'sun-rise beautiful beyond all the poet has told,' the clouds at the horizon appearing like floating Islands of gold, while on the opposite side rose the Alps, whose tops were covered with snow, beautifully white and shining in the sun. * * * * Stopped at 'Genoa the superb' and after a long detention by the health officers, was allowed to land, they (careful souls) taking our passports with a long pair of tongs, and then pulling off to a good distance in their boats while they examined them,—what were *they* afraid of, (the filthy dogs) *they* were the safe party. Genoa is indeed a city of Palaces. Visited a fine garden filled with foreign plants and trees, and in an artificial grotto, was pleased at seeing a statue of Washington. Saw in a church the ashes of St John, which *females* are not allowed to see, because one of that sex, demanded his head. This relique the inhabitants think, insures them the protection of Heaven; they, quite forgetting however, that they *stole* it from their less powerful neighbors. On the priest's being assured by my lying valet, that I was a good Catholic, I was allowed to look at a vase, given by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Visited many palaces, which abound with splendid paintings. After three days sailing, passing the Island of Elba on our way, we entered the lovely bay of Naples, with Vesuvius at one end, puffing out volumes of smoke, being now in a partial state of eruption.

Visited Pompeii and saw the city that has been buried during 1800 years, existing just as it did when overwhelmed by the cinders of Vesuvius. Here are splendid Mosaic floors, and fine paintings on the walls descriptive of the different purposes for which the rooms were used; a dining room for instance is ornamated with game, fish &c—the kitchen with culinary vessels, done in a rougher manner than the others. In the centre of the court in each stands the place used for collecting rain water, and the marks of the cords by which it was drawn up, are plainly visible in the marble. Saw the house of a Dramatic Poet, the walls of which are covered with representations of his own pieces. Went into a baker's shop, which remains as it did, when he served his last customer. (The identical bread taken from this shop, I saw in the Museum at Naples.) Visited many ancient Tombs, which are built on the surface, not *under* ground, and contain the vases for the ashes of the dead. Noticed the tubes passing up through the pedestals of the Ancient Oracles, by which the Priests made them speak. Was shown the little sentry box at the outside of the gate, in which the sentry was found with his shield and sword, and near this is the Hotel, where strangers lodged who arrived after the gates were shut. Went into the workshops of many ancient artisans, and passed along the street formerly occupied by goldsmiths, figures emblamatical of the different professions, being carved in stone over the doors. Visited also the dwellings of poets, princes, and warriors, and was told (in many cases) their very names; in fact I seemed to be living with them, so perfect are the remains. In the sidewalk of one of the houses is wrought with beautiful variegated stones the word 'welcome', and in the inside of the gate the parting benediction of 'Good bye.'

* * * I could entertain you for many weeks in describing to you my experience of an ascent of Vesuvius, and of a night on the mountains. * * * The next day I visited a city destroyed by an earthquake, saw some of the houses under the sea and others on the tops of hills. Saw the temple of Serapis which was for several centuries under the sea, but is now nearly a half a mile from the shore: here are the places in the marble columns, where the sea insects bored in—just at the top of the water. This place is fitted up as a bathing establishment, the warm (or rather *hot* water) being supplied by streams boiling from the sides of the hill. It must have been a splendid place once, but like all ancient remains of this sort, it has been robbed of its decorations. Near this is a mountain which, like Jonah's gourd came in a night—no doubt much to the astonishment of the neighbors. Went into Nero's baths, which are long subterranean passages, filled with steam, coming from hot water, at the inside of a hill. The vicinity of Naples being volcanic, abounds in wonders too numerous to mention.

* * * * Passing over the Pontine marshes and through the district so long the terror of travellers (on account of the Banditti) I arrived safely at Rome—yes, I am at Rome, ancient, classical Rome, have walked in the palace of the Cæsars, seen the tombs of Scipio and Nero—visited Nero's house (2 to 3 miles in length) and seen the spot where this funny gentleman 'fiddled, when Rome was on fire.' The Colliseum and Pantheon I visit daily; have passed many hours at the lovely villas in this vicinity, where organs are played, birds sing, and angels blow trumpets, all by water, and where thousands of little jet d'eaus start suddenly out from beneath your feet, rising to a great height in the air, being set in motion by machinery—have wandered among ancient columns and ruins, and Saturn, Mercury, and Jupiter, are to me as household gods.

As I was one day walking along the street that leads to St Peter's, I saw a splendid coach whose glittering ornaments almost out-shone the sun, followed by many lesser luminaries, but all most splendid. Being desirous to know what Potentate it was, I inquired, and learned it was the Pope. Making my way through a guard of soldiers with drawn swords, I found myself in the chapel, where I saw the most ridiculous mummery ever enacted, the most important part of which seemed to be, the Cardinals kneeling to the Virgin Mary, then to the Pope—no one approaching him excepting on their knees, in which position he was graciously pleased to allow them to kiss his toe. What (thought I) can this be the representative of one who when he was on the Earth told his disciples to have no care for their raiment, and who himself passed meekly through the crowd and on foot, who was styled the Prince of Peace, and whose words were, 'all those who take the sword, shall perish by the sword;' and finally, who died commanding his servants to imitate his life. I left the place repeating the second and third commandments, and thinking if the Savior was again to visit the earth, he would not know where to look for his disciples—'N'importe'—the Pope keeps the keys of heaven attached to his girdle—hope he will not lose them, for possibly he may find the gate shut when he arrives. I have seen—in fact what have I not seen? I will tell you all, when I return, and among the rest will be many anecdotes of the wickedness of the Priests, and the superstition of the people.

* * * * On the top of one of the 'seven' hills is a beautiful walk said to be the finest in Europe; every afternoon it is crowded with the carriages of the English and other strangers—it is a place of great parade and show. I noticed on many ancient columns, deep incisions where the Goths endeavoured to cast them down, but being two solid, they did not in all cases succeed.

* * * * Rome has within its walls 365 churches—at the head of all stands '*St Peter's*,' and as it is impossible to conceive of the joys of Heaven, so is it equally impossible to describe St. Peters—In the centre stands an altar with 100 lamps continually burning, and near it is a bronze figure of St. Peter, with quite a hole in his toe, absolutely kissed through by the devotees, who firmly believe this image came from Heaven—but the truth is—this same Peter, was the Jupiter of the ancients, and the altar was once his throne in the Pantheon—The Christians have robbed him of his sword, and placed in its stead a bunch of keys—thus Jupiter is *converted*, into a saint.—In one church can be seen the head of St. Paul—and in another his body complete, head and all!! I saw the impression of two feet in a piece of marble, and was told this was the spot where the Saviour stood when he came to Rome to speak with Peter—having remained 30 minutes he returned to Jerusalem!!! On crossing the Colliseum, I read the following on a cross, 'whoever kisses this cross, may do what he wishes for 200 days.' Comment is unnecessary. But enough—I am now luxuriating on green figs—mellons, pomegrantes &c. Six oranges for one cent—and *delicious* grapes for half a cent per pound—the gardens are filed with roses—and the fields with wild flowers—I never shall forget with what extacy of delight I first saw an orange grove, it is decidedly the finest sight, in the vegetable kingdom. The weather is so warm that, men and boys are daily bathing in the water. And yet this lovely climate, and this luxuriant spot are wasted on a lazy superstitious theiving race.

In my note book I find the following lines, hastily penciled during my visit at Pompeii.

The morning sun rose bright and clear;
A sudden tempest filled the air.
The wondering people stood with fear,
It fell—and all was silent there.

Again the slumbering City wakes,
Two thousand years have passed away:
Again the morning sunlight breaks,
And brings their darkest deeds to day.

And when the Eternal sun shall rise
We, like the buried City too,
Before the strangers of the skies
Must stand with all life's deeds in view.

J. S. W.

[Correspondence of the Register.]

THE EXCLUSIVE SPIRIT IN SYRACUSE.

The young men of the village were about forming a total abstinence temperance society, and proposed to hold their meeting at the Unitarian Chapel. The several clergymen, were requested to give notice of it to their respective congregations, and were furnished with written notices. Only one of them was read—and that by Mr Avery, 'the Pastor of a little band,' who not long since, being tired of religious aristocracy, broke off from the Presbyterian Church, and organized themselves into a separate Society. The Presbyterian, Baptist and Episcopalian clergymen declined reading the notice, and appointed meetings on the same evening.

I mention this to show you what an illiberal and unkind course is sometimes taken by the professed champions of truth, temperance, and order. Young men may not propose to reform and become temperate unless they form such resolutions within Orthodox walls. This is but a step removed from sustaining opinions by *law*; the next is enforcing them by physical power. We are glad that a better state of things prevails in many places.

(From our Correspondent at Washington.)

No. XIII.

Washington, D. C., March 7th, 1839.

Mr Editor,—I would have sent you before now an account of the closing scenes of Congress, had I not been very much fatigued by attendance upon the ensuing sessions. You are probably aware that the Message of the President respecting the troubles in Maine and the action of Congress consequent upon it occupied much of the time that had been counted on for the ordinary business of the two Houses. In the House of Representatives, the Committee on Foreign Affars made their report early on Friday morning. The debate upon the bill which they reported occupied the greater part of two days. The magnitude of the questions excited an intense interest. The debate was earnest and absorbing, not from the collisions of parties, but from the momentous nature of the subject. There was a remarkable unanimity of feeling. All seemed to think and to feel that we had been deeply injured, that it now became them to provide an effectual remedy;—and that as they approached the last resort of nations, it behoved them to act with all due deliberation. It was, indeed, a most interesting spectacle to behold them, under the influence of deep yet subdued excitement, discussing the question of peace or war. I was myself surprised at the harmony which seemed to be generated all at once, amongst men who had been in almost constant conflict. Still more surprised was I at the threatening tones of our own delegation—and that the eldest should appear least peaceably inclined. Though the evils of war were acknowledged, in passing, and their occurrence deprecated, yet it was manifest their thoughts were chiefly occupied with arms. I was the more surprised at this, because the occasion did not then seem to call for violent measures, nor does it now. Nothing but precipitancy or a heated imagination and heated passions could bring on a war. Perhaps it will be said, my thoughts were no less biassed than theirs,—that they were exclusively bent upon peace—and that through an ignoble love of ease I would see national honor sacrificed. I am not ashamed to confess, that the blessings of a quiet and prosperous state seem to me far more eligible than the glories of war; that the honor of a nation seems far better consulted in the maintenance of amicable relations, even at vast pecuniary sacrifices, than in the destruction of its commerce, the slaughter of its citizens, and the introduction of those demoralizing habits which follow in the train of armies. But I must not stop to discuss questions of state. Suffice it to say that after the *Defence Bill*, as it has been called, had been under consideration for two days, it finally passed the House, at about 9 o'clock on Saturday evening, by a vote of 201 to 6. In the Senate it was passed unanimously, within an hour and a half afterwards. The whole subject had passed in review before the Senate,—in discussing Mr Buchanan's resolutions, which embodied the substance of the President's message.

As soon this subject had been disposed of in the House, a joint resolution was brought forward, that the two houses do adjourn to meet at 10 o'clock on the 3d of March, Sunday. This was negatived. They were loath to pass a vote to meet on Sunday, yet they would continue to sit until Sunday came. Indeed the state of business was then such that it could not possibly be brought to a close on Saturday. Many excused the sitting on Sunday, by insisting on the unexpected interruption of the war question. I suspect, however, that had that question not intervened, the course of things would have been the same. Had the House in the earlier part of the session applied diligently to business, had members refrained from making speeches which could answer no purpose in the House, and were designed only for political effect abroad, more, much more might have been done in season and better done. But even as it was, when a vast amount of business was crowded into a brief space, much time was wasted upon points of order. Members were eager to push forward particular bills or resolutions, and dozens would attempt to speak at once; and if a member speaking happened to wander a little from his subject, some one would sing out *order*, and the whole house would echo to the sound. Even on Sunday evening an attempt was made to waste time in talking, in order to defeat some particular bills.

Thus was holy time worn away in settling questions of state and points of order. Much of the day was devoted to the consideration of the Massachusetts claim for military services in the late war. But it failed, although its justice and equity were very generally acknowledged. The House finally acted upon most or all of the bills which had been matured in that body, though a great many from the Senate, chiefly relating to private claims, were left unnoticed. An attempt was made in the Senate to establish a Board of Claims, but failed. This was exceedingly to be regretted; for until some such measure is adopted a large body of claimants must go bereft of their rights and without remedy. Many such are doubtless now suffering, who would be comfortable and happy, were their just demands answered.

The last hours of Congress presented a scene of noise and confusion and undignified impatience, and haste to be gone. The scene was far less disorderly than has heretofore been witnessed, yet still sufficiently so to destroy its dignity. The galleries were crowded till a late hour with a multitude anxiously watching the stirring scene below, or anxiously awaiting the fate of measures in which they were interested. At about a quarter before two the noise was hushed, and the Speaker in a brief, pertinent and impressive speech, took his final leave of the House, and they adjourned *sine die*. The Senate did not adjourn till 4.

Thus has the 25th Congress terminated. About two hundred and fifty bills have been passed this session, only one of which, excepting the appropriation bills, is of much public interest, I mean the *defence bill*. Most of the members have now left the city. They dispersed about as speedily as boys let loose from school. The city appears really dull. Conversation, to be sure, is still occupied with recent events. The most interesting topic is the appointment of a special minister to England. I have been informed on good authority that a minister will certainly be sent; who, is still a secret.

Your friend, VIATOR.

P. S. I ought to have mentioned, that though the House refused, on Saturday evening, to pass a resolution to adjourn to 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, yet after sitting till 4 o'clock of that morning, they did pass such a resolution, the Senate having set them an example.

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY. THE WAR-SPIRIT.

It is highly gratifying to perceive by the latest accounts which have reached Boston at the time when our paper goes to press, that affairs in regard to the North Eastern Boundary are assuming a more pacific aspect. A war with Great Britain, as, indeed, with any nation, is to be earnestly deprecated by every good citizen of the United States.

We are not disposed at the present moment, to express any opinion with regard to the propriety and justice of the course pursued by Maine. Perhaps it may have been judicious, and may end in good. At any rate we are fully satisfied that the conduct of the British in regard to the disputed territory has been extremely unjust and censurable.

It is a painful subject of thought that there is so much of the war spirit manifested, on occasions, amongst the people of our country. But, for one, we sincerely believe that the majority of our citizens are entirely opposed to war. They love their rights and will maintain them: they hate any thing that wears the appearance of assumption and tyranny on the part of Foreign nations and will instantly rise up to repel and put it down: they have a keen sense of national honor, and will not suffer it to be violated with impunity: but that they, generally, desire open war, and pant for the tented field we cannot and will not allow.

There are many restless spirits amongst us; many unprincipled and incendiary men; many pugnaciously disposed, many who thoughtlessly desire *excitement* without regard to cause or consequence—and the voices of such as these are still for war—but the deep and sincere cry of our people—that which comes from the plough-side, and the hearth, the counting room and the workshop—from the most substantial, pure minded, industrious and reflecting members of our community, is for peace.

[Correspondence of the Register]

You will be sorry to learn that our esteemed brother Rev Mr Osgood of Sterling, has been compelled by long continued ill-health, to ask a dismission from his people. He has been a faithful and devoted pastor, and his praise is in all our Churches. I trust that his days of usefulness are not past. His removal will be felt as a calamity, not only by his people, to whom he is very dear, but throughout all this region, and especially by the members of the Worcester association.

The Unitarian Societies in this vicinity are generally in a prosperous condition. Mr Robinson had a unanimous invitation from the Society in Medfield, and they have voted with great unanimity to new-model the old Church at the estimated expense of $2500. Mr Sanger's Society in Dover, who, it will be recollected lost their Church by fire last winter, have concluded to rebuild, and are going about the work in earnest.

A new Church is also to be erected this season for Mr Storer's Society in Walpole.

Surely we ought not despair, nor despond, when we witness so many indications of a warm interest in our cause, in the Churches of our denomination. But where shall we find ministers to supply the places made vacant by the removal of our beloved brethren? May the Lord raise them up and give them a double portion of his spirit, and send them to the work. But from faithless and incompetent shepherds may the good Lord preserve his flock.

Your friend and brother, J. A.

We are indebted to the politeness of the Editor of the Sandwich Island Gazette for a large bundle of his interesting papers, from which we may give extracts in our next.

We notice that he has republished Dr Channing's address on Temperance.

The Sermon on our first page was placed there at the request of several Readers of the Register. (*N.B. 7 par. 7 line, for* has *read had.*)

N. B. Two or three articles prosaic and poetical are necessarily defered.

INTELLIGENCE.

Ambassador to Egnland.—It has been rumored, that the Hon. John C. Calhoun has been, or will be appointed by the President of the United States special ambassador to Great Britain, on the subject of the North Eastern Boundary. The Baltimore Chronicle states, on the authority of a correspondent, at Washington, that the Maine and New Hampshire delegations had unanimously urged the President to confer the appointment on Mr Webster. A still different aspect seems to be given to the subject, by the following paragraph from the Daily Advertiser of the 11th.

It would appear, from the statement of Mr. Williams, at Portland, who may be presumed to be accurately informed on this subject, that no appointment will be made, until intelligence of recent proceedings shall have reached England, and Mr. Stevenson shall have been heard from.

The Daily Advertiser of the 14th ult says,—

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce at Washington, mentions a rumor that Mr. Forsyth is to be appointed Special Minister. The National Gazette gives a rumor that Mr. Woodbury is to receive the appointment, and to be succeeded in the Treasury Department by Mr. Cambreleng.

Important from Maine.—We received by the mail last evening, the following letter from our correspondent at Augusta. We have no further information from the frontier.—*Daily Advertiser.*

House of Representatives, Augusta,
12 o'clock M. Tuesday, March 12.

A Message from the Governor in relation to the Memorandum of Mr Forsyth and Mr Fox. The Governor considers the arrangement unsatisfactory and unequal, and advises that the military force of the State should not be withdrawn unless the Lt. Governor of New Brunswick shall withdraw his force, and the Government of Maine be satisfied that he entirely abandons the idea of expelling its forces. Gov. Fairfield also resists the recommendation to allow Gov. Harvey *concurrent* jurisdiction in measures of protection to the property on the Aroostook, and advises that in case Sir John abandons his position, and withdraws his military force, that the military force of Maine shall also be withdrawn, and a sufficient armed or unarmed civil *posse* be left on the Aroostook for its protection.

In a postscript to the Message, the Governor says that he has received a note of a pacific character from Sir John Harvey, in which he intimates his willingness to enter into arrangements upon the basis of the Memorandum of Mr Forsyth and Mr Fox. The Message and Sir John Harvey's note have been committed to the Committee on the N. E. Boundary and 5000 copies ordered to be printed.

Mr Whidden of Calais, has just laid upon the table two resolves, the purport of which, as near as I could understand amid the bustle of the House, is, that Maine persist in the policy and course she has been pursuing in relation to the occupancy of the disputed territory. The resolves are laid upon the table until 3 o'clock, P. M.

The Oxford and Cumberland militia still remain in town and have been, this forenoon, manœuvering in front of the State House. Gen. Scott is in town, and will, I understand, continue here at present. He is acting the part of a *Pacificator*,—and it is to be hoped that his efforts will prove successful. Notwithstanding the belligerent aspect of affairs here, I am still of opinion that war will not result. But still I see no probability that Maine will recede one iota from the position she has taken.

Massachusetts Legislature.—In the House of Representatives, on Wednesday of last week, the committee on the license law, presented the report of the majority, which was read. It closes by reporting a bill of which the following is a sketch.

Sec. 1. Prohibits the sale of wine or spirits in quantities of less than *five* gallons, to be carried away at one time.

Sec. 2. Provides that towns may change this quantity to a larger though not to a smaller number of gallons.

Sec. 3. Provides that the violation of the second be punished in the same penalty as the first section.

Sec. 4. Provides that the first section does not apply to physicians or innholders' selling to travellers; no person being considered a traveller who resides in the town.

Sec. 5. Makes attempts at evasion similar to the celebrated striped pig scheme, illegal.

Sec. 6. Prohibits secret selling by means of dumb waiters, turning tables, &c. and makes them illegal.

Sec. 7. Requires that all victuallers and sellers of beer, ale and cider, must have a license; unlicensed sellers to be fined $20.

Secs. 8, 9, 10. Are formal.

Two minority reports were also presented, one signed by three, and the other by two members of the Committee.

These several reports, together with the license law of 1837, were ordered to be printed, and the 13th inst. assigned for the consideration of the subject.

The new Militia Bill has passed the House, after a protracted debate, without any material amendment. The vote stood 189 yeas to 178 nays.

The Mint.—The coinage at the Mint and its branches in 1838 was 15,780,311 pieces valued at $4,206,540, of which 15,336,518 valued at $3,979,217 were coined at Philadelphia.

Of this amount there were of gold 7,200 eagles; 220,057 half eagles; 54,924 quarter eagles; of silver, 2,576,000 half dollars; 832,000 quarter dollars; 2,394,930 dimes; 2,255,000 half dimes; and of copper, 6,270,200 cents.

The desposites of gold, within the year, amounted to $1,937,500 of which $435,100 were derived from the mines of the United States.

The deposites of silver amounted to $2,538,200, and were derived principally from Mexico and South America.

The branch mint at New Orleans received its first deposites of bullion on the 8th of March, and commenced operations immediately afterwards. Two of the officers and nearly all the workmen of this mint being from the North, it was deemed unsafe for them to remain in New Orleans during the *first* sickly season.—Accordingly, leave of absence was granted to them on the 1st of August, and the work was not resumed till November. The coinage amounted to $40,243—all in dimes.

The branch mint at Charlotte N. C. commenced its operations in December, 1837, and received deposites of gold to the value of $130,600. The amount of coinage has been $34,165, composed of 12,886 half eagles, and 7,894 quarter-eagles.

The branch mint at Dahlonega, Ga. commenced its operations in February, and has received deposites of gold to the value of $141,800. The amount of its coinage has been $192,915, composed of 20,583 half eagles.

France and Mexico.—In a late New Orleans paper we have the following.

It appears from information at the Merchant's Exchange, that a letter was received by Admiral Douglas from Mr. Packenham, the English Minister at Mexico, stating that there was a favorable prospect of an arrangement of the existing difficulties between France and Mexico, and he expected to be in Vera Cruz the 24th, for the purpose of holding a conference with Admiral Baudin on that subject. Nothing was known of the terms of adjustment.

The blockade was strictly enforced by the French squadron.

MARRIAGES.

In Walpole, on the 6th inst. by Rev. Mr Storer, Mr Albert Billings, of this city, to Miss Harriet Gilbert.

In Jonesville, Michigan, Jan. 29, Mr Ransom Gardner, formerly of Elbridge N. Y., to Miss Olivia A. Smith, formerly of Worcester, Mass.

DEATHS.

In Chelsea, 11th inst. Miss Anna McKown, 16.

In Charlestown, on the 9th inst. Margaret Hyde, only child of James and Ellen M. L. Swan, 1 year and 11 months.

PRIVATE SCHOOL IN CHELSEA.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he proposes to open a private school in Chelsea, in which he will be ready to instruct pupils of both sexes, in the Ancient and Modern languages as well as the various branches of an English Education.

A few lads can be accommodated with board in his own family. The first quarter will commence on Monday, April 8th.

He is permitted to refer to Rev. Dr Tuckerman, Rev. Dr Parkman, and Benjamin Shurtleff, M. D.

HORATIO ALGER.
march 16

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POETRY.

[From the Democratic Review, for January.]

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in Heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendance of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind?
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here.

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky.
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovlier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love,—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

When first I drew my infant breath,
Or yet my lips could pray,
The guardian of my gentle frame,
At close of every day,
Came smiling to my little crib,
Repeating as she came,
That lovely prayer our Saviour said—
'Hallowed be thy name!'

On bended knee, beside her son,
She raised to Heaven her eye,
Imploring sweet that fount of God
To guard his infancy.
I heard the supplicating voice,
Each night that voice the same,
And soon I learned to whisper soft—
'Hallowed be thy name!'

Years now have passed—her blessed voice
Below shall pray no more;
But sure am I she's praying now
Upon a holier shore.
With shadowy choir of seraphs pure
She's caught the holy flame,
And sings unceasing, with that band—
'Hallowed be thy name!'

Sweet is her memory to my soul!
I would not wish her here,
Although I long to see her still
Whene'er her name I hear!
But, mother, rest, thou'st found thy home—
From ev'ry pain thou'rt free:
'Mid all the changing scenes of life
Thy son still thinks of *thee!*

EDWARD STAGG.

New York, Oct. 21, 1838.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

AN ACROSTIC.

Rest, pilgrim, rest, thy journey 's o'er,
Earth hath no gems for thee upon her desert shore,
Light is thy burden now; no more
In sultry wastes art doomed to tread; but *upwards* soar.

Go rest thee now, heaven bids thee come
In her blest realms, to make thy ever-glorious home.
Oh! haste thee to yon arching dome,
Nor longer here on life's all joyless pathway roam.

C. K. T.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

Lines composed 21st February, 1827.

All Nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—Birds are on the wing—
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

COLERIDGE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHILDREN.

'Harmless, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust and mirth,
Richest wealth and purest pleasures,
In this mean and guilty earth.

'How I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little things,
Where the love that lights your features,
From the heart in beauty springs.

'On those laughing rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within;

'But yours is the sunny dimple,
Radiant with untutored smiles,
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles:

'Yours the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,
Tottering steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health and warm with joy.

'The dull slaves of gain, or passion,
Cannot love you as they should,
The poor worldly fools of fashion
Would not leave you if they could:

'Write them childless, cold-hearted,
Who can scorn Thy generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
Lest thy blessings come too soon.

'While he has a child to love him
No man can be poor indeed,
While he trusts a Friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear or need.

'But for thee, whose hearth is lonely
And unwarmed by children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
Desolate and poor on earth.

'All unkiss' by innocent beauty,
All unlov'd by guileless heart,
All uncheer'd by sweetest duty,
Childless man, how poor thou art!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Naval and Military Magazine.]

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The regiment into which Capt. Leslie had exchanged before his marriage, was ordered into Belgium. Walter longed for glory; and Helen, his young wife, was too sensible to pain him by unavailing regrets—even on their parting she had striven not to unman him; and when the first natural grief was over, she took her station at the small window of the Inn, which commanded a view of the scene of action. Could an uninterested observer have gazed upon the plain of Waterloo at that moment, it must have appeared a splendid pageant. But Helen thought how many ere sunset would have gone to their final account; and she shuddered at the thought that perhaps her Walter might be among the number. The distant cannonading told that already the work of death had commenced. Several random shots had struck the Inn, and warned its inmates to take shelter in the barn. With them did Helen sit during that long day, sad and silent, yet with the same confidence in God's protection that had always marked her character. She could have smiled at the volubility of her companions, who never ceased speaking, in a mixture of bad French and Flemish. But it made her only more sad; she felt that she was indeed among strangers. Oh, the agony of suspense, the fear of hearing that Walter was among the fallen! Her beauty and girlish appearance, added to the knowledge that her husband was in the field of battle gave her an interest in the eyes of her companions, and many were the hopes expressed, in French, that Captain Leslie might return in safety. The day passed, twilight succeeded, followed by the almost immediate darkness which characterises a continental summer; and still Helen sat in all the agony of suspense. The action had ceased; random firings succeeded the constant and fearful din of war; yet still Captain Leslie returned not. She was roused from the state of stupor into which she had fallen, by the sound of approaching footsteps; and some soldiers entered the barn, bearing a wounded officer. It was with scarcely definable feelings that Helen discovered it was *not* her husband, but a young officer of the same regiment. For a few minutes any other feeling seemed lost in the anxious attentions necessary for the severe wound of the sufferer. Helen had, fortunately, provided everything necessary; with the kindest gentleness she dressed the sufferer's wounds; and then attempted to restore him to consciousness; her efforts were successful. Aided by the people of the Inn, she succeeded in making him swallow a restorative: and in a short time he was able to thank the gentle hand which had ministered unto him.

Helen with eager earnestness exclaimed, 'Walter! where is he?' Mr Grant turned his head away. He could not bear the sight of the agony he knew his answer must inflict. 'Speak! in mercy tell me that Leslie is safe.'—Helen paused a moment, and then continued, 'I know it all, Walter is *dead!*' There was a frightful calmness in her manner, no tear escaped her, 'Did you see him fall?' she said at length; 'tell me all, it will do me good; I feel as if tears would cool this scorching pain, she said, pressing her hand to her bosom.

Mr Grant complied. He felt that tears would relieve her. 'I was at his side,' said he 'a moment before he fell. He had taken a small pocket Bible from his breast:—had pressed it to his lips—' Helen covered her face with her hands, 'It was the Bible I gave him on our wedding day!' she gasped, 'tell me, tell me all.' 'If I fall, Grant, give this to my wife,' he said. I laughed at his forebodings. 'You will return,' I said, 'to tell her of the events of this day. Before he could reply, we were summoned to action. A few minutes after a shot struck him, and he fell. Helen burst into an agony of tears, and for some minutes continued silent; at length her resolution seemed to be taken. She came to the couch upon which Mr Grant was lying, and begged him to describe the spot where her husband fell. She received the description in silence. A few minutes after she had stolen from the small Inn yard, and stood alone on the spot where she had last seen her husband.

Helen was in years a mere child; and there had been a time when she would have shuddered at a recital of the horrors through which she now passed, with a trembling step, though with an undaunted heart,—but what will not love in woman undertake?—'God has as much power to protect me here,' she thought, as the distant firing caught her ear, and caused her for a moment to pause, 'as in a crowded room!' The thought of '*what* had she to live for?' rendered her a moment incapable of proceeding; then silently imploring strength from God, she persevered.

What a scene of horrors presented itself to her! The spot, where a few hours before she had gazed on the brilliant ranks of the contending armies, was now occupied by the dead or dying. Occasionally a wounded horse dashed wildly among the heaps of wounded. There were a party employed in stripping the dead—at her approach they looked up, and for a moment a superstitious dread crossed their minds. Her white dress made them suppose her a ghost, and when convinced of their mistake, they let her pass unmolested, observing with an oath that she was seeking perhaps for her lover. Helen passed on. As she approached the spot described by Grant, she examined earnestly the faces of the dead. She was almost beginning to despair, when, from beneath a heap of slain, an outstreched arm caught her attention. On one of the fingers was a ring; one of her first gifts to him. With trembling hands she put down the small lantern she had brought, and removed the slain. It was, indeed her husband who lay there; and a long fit of weeping relieved her; she raised him; and the head fell back upon her shoulders. Approaching footsteps alarmed her: they were those of two men of her husband's regiment. One of them explained that they had followed her at Mr Grant's desire. Between them was the body of Capt. Leslie borne into the Inn of Mont. St. Jean.

A surgeon was then dressing the wound of Mr Grant, and his immediate attention was given to Leslie. Helen stood with her husband's hand clasped in hers; with a calmness which was more affecting than the most violent agitation could have been. Bruised as Leslie was, there was no wound to be found. The surgeon placed a glass before his lips—then exclaimed, with an interest he had not often felt,—'He still lives!'

The effect of joy is often more acute than that of grief. Helen gazed for a moment wildly round; then sank on the floor in a state of insensibility. Hours passed before she recovered consciousness. When she did, she found that it was not a dream. Leslie still lived. The shot which had struck him down was found imbedded in the Bible which he had but a moment before thrust into the breast of his coat. But had it not been for the timely assistance of his wife, he must have perished. He was saved almost by a miracle from being crushed to death; fortunately, however, the spot on which he fell was hollow; and he is still alive.

The incidents of this sketch are strictly true. Those who have visited —— must have seen the small Bible, which is regarded by the family with feelings of the deepest veneration. It is still kept under a case, and will for ever perpetuate the heroism of the soldier's bride at Waterloo.

VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR A SORE DISEASE.

We have heard of the virtues of the '*oil of Birch*' in extreme cases and smart doses, but here is somethig more effectual.

In one of our New England cities there lived a small boy, whom we shall call James, who early became addicted to *lying*. This wicked habit,—as is usually the case with every wicked practice,—grew upon him very rapidly, till he would tell a falsehood in almost every sentence he uttered. He became so inclined to this sin, that he would lie when one would think the truth would answer his purpose better.

One day, as James came in, his mother asked him something, and in answering her he told a dreadful lie. The poor mother, almost broken-hearted, went out into the garden to weep alone over her perverse, wicked, and, as she feared, her ruined son. As she was standing alone and looking on the ground, thinking what she could do to break her child of such a dreadful habit of sin, she cast her eye on some *wormwood*. She happened to think that any thing *bitter* was very disagreeable and nauseous to James, and she thought in a moment, what she would do. She immediately gathered a quantity of the wormwood, and went in and steeped it very strong. She then made a wash, and, with the assistance of a domestic, took her lying, foul-mouthed boy and confined him fast, and then swabbed his mouth thoroughly, all about his tongue, teeth and throat, with this bitter wash of wormwood.

This medicine proved efficacious. A perfect cure, it is believed, has been effected. Several years have since passed away, and there have been no symptoms of a relapse. For one year after this experiment was made, it was with the greatest difficulty James could be made to answer any question; so great was his fear that his former disease might return and he should be obliged to submit to another course of medicine.

We doubt whether, in the whole history of '*vegetable medicines*,' a single case can be found, where a disease, so obstinate and dangerous as the *moral* disease mentioned above, was so speedily and perfectly removed as in this case. We see not, then, why this does not deserve to be ranked among the '*matchless sanatives*.'—*S.S. Visiter.*

MORE THAN A MATCH FOR A ROBBER.

'In a Persian apologue, the lesson and benefit of sincerity are beautifully taught. A mother, in giving her son forty pieces of money as his portion, made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, 'Go, my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.' The youth went away, and the party he traveled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked him what he had got, and he said, 'Forty dinars are sewed in my garment.' He laughed, thinking he jested. Another asked the same question and got the same answer. At last the chief called, and asked him, and he said, 'I have told two of your people already, that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes.' He ordered the clothes to be ript open, and found the money. 'And how came you to tell this?' 'Because, the child replied, 'I would not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised never to tell a lie.' 'Child,' said the robber, 'art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it.' He did so; his followers were all struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to the chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue; and they instantly made restitution of spoils, and avowed repentance an the same hand.'—*Dr. Belfragé.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY CONNECTED WITH RAILROADS.

During the last month or six weeks crowds of persons, evidently of a superior class of society, have, to the great surprise of the inhabitants of the quiet neighborhood of Soho, been seen bending towards, and inquiring their way to an obscure house, No. 6, Carlisle-street, near Soho-square. In the course of the past week the excitement has greatly increased by a vast assemblage of the nobility, members of the administration, fellows of Colleges and scientific institutions, eminent engineers, naval architects, surveyors, railroad directors, painters, and a whole host of the patrons of the arts and sciences, all of whom were (as we found out by following in the wake) attracted thither by the exhibition of a model of a locomotive steam-engine, which, with other new and apparently simple inventions acting and harmonising therewith, are destined to work the following wonderous changes and improvements in the present system of steam-carriage conveyance—a desideratum and a 'consummation devoutly to be wished;'

The engines and trains cannot possibly get off the railway or upset. They can run on any required curve with speed, safety, and a minimum degree of friction. They can ascend and descend all acclivities that can be required in railways with speed and convenience. They are relieved of all the dead weight rendered necessary by the present system, and are no heavier than is required to bear their load of goods and passengers. The carriage bodies and weight will be almost on the ground. They will be less expensive than those at present in use, and the immense expense of tunnelling, embankments, &c., will be entirely avoided. The repairs of the railway, the 'wear and tear' of the engines and trains, will be much less expensive than those now in use. The inconvenience and enormous outlay of cutting through parks or other peculiarly situated property is avoided, by the power of giving the line any desired direction.

The ingenious inventor and patentee of this new system, which he illustrates with great clearness is a Mr Kollman, a gentleman well known and much respected and admired in the scientific circles. He attends in Carlisle-street three days a week for the purpose of exhibiting his models and engine, the latter of which has been beautifully manufactured at an expense of three hundred pounds, and is on the scale of one and a half inch to a foot. It is worked by steam, and performs various and speedy evolutions upon a model railway, formed in the shape of the figure 8, which demonstrates practically its capability of moving round a circle of fourteen feet radius, besides its wonderful power of ascending a hill of one mile in fourteen acclivity. This revolution is effected by an additional forewheel on either side, of smaller diameter, and concentric with the large driving wheel, the tire of which is *roughened* to give it the necessary hold on the surface of the rail, which is elevated at the commencement of the acclivity, so as for the smaller wheel to act upon it: being also just sufficiently elevated to raise the larger wheel from the line of rail on which it previously acted.

To prevent the possibility of the engine being diverted from its course, there is a centre rail with two horizontal wheels in front of the engine, which acts as a pole to the carriage, and makes its direction completely subservient to the middle or centre rail, the outward wheels running upon a plain and unconfined surface of iron. But description is almost superfluous—it must be seen to be properly appreciated; and Mr Kollman, having protected his invention by taking out letters-patent in this and other countries, is too liberal a minded man to withhold any information calculated to enlighten and elevate the human mind; and too much of a philanthropist to refuse to elucidate a system which, according to present appearances, will be destined to confer permanent advantages and improvement on the present and future generations.—*London Observer.*

'At one of the music-meetings, in St. Martin's church, for the benefit of the Leicester Infirmary, I noticed a tall, handsome man, in a scarlet coat, with a gold button-hole in a black collar, the fashion of the day, moving with a gentleman-like air. This person proved to be the notorious Barrington, the pickpocket. In going up the middle aisle, he was invited into the mayor's pew, and sat between Miss St. John and Mr Ashby, of Queenby, our late member of Parliament. One of the plates was held at the door by this lady and gentleman, and when Mr Barrington laid his guinea upon the plate, he was kindly thanked by his new acquaintance, and passed on with a graceful bow. The gentry who held the plates retired into the vestry, to add their contributions, and when Mr Ashby would have placed his ten guineas on the plate, to his utter atonishment, they had flown from his pocket. After considerable amazement, the mystery was explained by one of the company remarking that Miss St. John's pocket was turned inside out; and that the elegant gentleman who sat between them had helped himself to the subscription he had put on the plate, and something beside. It is said that Barrington facilitated his operations by instruments, which he had made for the purpose. I recollect a circumstance of this kind. He waited upon a surgical instrument maker, and ordered a pair of scissors, of a curious form; a few days afterward, he called for them, liked them, and paid two guineas, which the maker charged. After he had left the shop, the cutler's wife said, 'My dear, as the gentleman seemed so pleased with the scissors, I wish we had asked him what use they were for—he might recommend us—do run after him!' The cutler scampered out of the shop, and, overtaking the gentleman hoped he would excuse him, but would he tell him what use he intended to make of the scissors? 'Why, my friend,' said Barrington, catching him by the button of his coat, and staring him in the face, 'I don't know whether I can tell you—it's a great secret.' 'O pray do, sir—it may be something in our way.' Upon which Barrington, pressing hard upon his shoulder, whispered in his ear, 'They are for the picking of pockets!' In the utmost consternation, the scissors-maker ran back, and the moment he got into the shop, 'My dear,' he cried, 'will you believe it?—they are for the picking of pockets!' 'Yes, my dear,' cried the wife, 'but what is the matter with your clothes?'—The cutler looked, and presently discovered that the scissors had extracted the two guineas he had just received for them.'

THE NEW STATES. *The past and the future.*—In the course of Mr. Calhoun's speech in the Senate of the United States, on the land graduation bill, he enforced his views of the inexpediency of attempting any legislation in regard to the public lands—adverse to the views of the new states—by the following striking glance at the past, and into the future:

We have heard much, Mr. President, in the present discussion, about the growth of the new States; but, if I may judge from the various measures proposed on the present occasion, we have neither realized its rapidity, nor the unavoidable changes in our system which must follow in its train. Their wonderful growth is, indeed, one of those realities almost beyond the grasp of imagination. When I go back twenty seven years, to the period when I first became a member of the other House, and compare what the new States then were, to what they now are, I am lost in wonder and amazement. Their growth is without example. There is nothing like it in history. At that time there was but a single new State, (Ohio.) I exclude Kentucky, Tennessee, and Maine, all of which have been admitted since the adoption of the Constitution, and limit my remarks to those which have since sprung up on the public domain.

Ohio had then but one Representative in the other House, Jeremiah Morrow, an honest and sensible man, who was at that time at the head of the Committee on Public Lands, and had the confidence of the House so completely, that his voice was the law on all subjects connected with them. So little interest did they, at that time excite. There were then thirty-two Senators in all, of which Ohio had of course two; that is, the one-sixteenth of the whole. In the electoral college she had three votes, which made her weight about the one-fiftieth in that body—a weight scarcely felt or estimated in the political movements of the day.

Such, at that time, was the infant and feeble condition of the new States. Since then, in a period but little exceeding that alloted to a single generation, to pass over the stage of life, how wonderful the changes

Instead of one, as then, there are now nine new States; and in the place of two Senators in thirty-two we now have eighteen in fifty-two; making, instead of one-sixteenth, more than a third of the whole, and already three Territories, Florida, Wisconsin, and Iowa, are struggling for admission. When admitted, which must be shortly, there will then be twelve new States with twenty four Senators in fifty-six, which will increase their relative weight in this body to three-sevenths of the whole. But as wonderful as has been the increase in this body, it will be still more so, after the next census in the other. It will be taken next year, and a new apportionment of the members will be made under the Constitution; when, instead of a single member, being less than one in a hundred, as was the case twenty-seven years ago, the representation of the new States will then stand to the old, at least as forty to sixty, or two-fifths of the whole, as calculated by a friend familiar with the subject, and in whose accuracy I have entire confidence. The new States having, as they will then, three-sevenths in this, and two-fifths in the other House, will of course, have a relative weight in the electoral college, or the same thing in a choice of a President, compounded of the two, that is, five-twelfths of the whole. So much for the past.

Now if we turn to the future, we shall find the cause of this amazing growth so far from being exhausted or weakened, as acting with increased force, and urging forward the growth of those States with accelerated, instead of a decreasing velocity; so much so, that the past changes in the last twenty-seven years will appear as nothing, compared with what will take place the next twenty-seven, unless some unforeseen occurrence should intervene to retard their progress. If my memory serves me, our population, twenty-seven years ago was about seven millions; and our annual increase then, that is, the excess of births over deaths, including emigration, about two hundred thousand, estimating our growth at *three per cent*, compound. Since then, our population has increased not less than nine millions, making the present probability about sixteen; which, on the same data, will make our annual increase at this time but little short of half a million; the greater part of which will find their homes in the new States.

I will not enter into a minute calculation as to the effects of this great increase on the relative weight of the new and old States at the next succeeding census, in 1850. It is sufficient to say, that it will give a decided majority to the former, both in the House of Representatives and in the electoral college, and, of course, in the government; and thus, in the short space of one generation and a half the centre of political power, as between the old and new States, will have passed from the former to the latter.

Prussic Acid as a Medicine.—It ought to be generally known that prussic acid, or hydrocyanic acid, as it is also called, is a most deadly poison, proving instantly fatal in a very small dose, and that the diluted acid, which is sold in the shops, varies so much in strength, that a patient, getting a new supply from his own druggist, may be instantly killed by a dose equivalent in quantity to that which he has been taking daily for some time. It ought also to be generally known that there are no diseases, capable of being alleviated by prussic acid, which may not be, with equal certainty, relieved by other and safe means. The patient, therefore, who uses it at his own risk, runs the most imminent hazard of his life, and the physician who prescribes it without the most cogent necessity does little less than sport with the life of his patient. The writer of these remarks has been twenty-two years in practice, during which period he has seen many thousand cases of all descriptions, and in all classes of society, and yet he has never once had occasion to prescribe prussic acid, having always accomplished the end which he had in view by other means. He knows other practitioners, of still longer standing, who can make a similar statement; but he is sorry to add, that he knows many young men who employ it often, and with much too little caution.—Edinburgh Courant.

LIFE OF BRANT, THE INDIAN WARRIOR. By William L. Stone. With a Likeness and other Engravings 2 vols. cloth.

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From the London Athenaeum, of Oct. 6th, 1838.

'We commend Mr Stone for his diligent research, and congratulate him on the good fortune which has attended his labors; he has, by a careful and discriminating reference to contemporary authorities, public and private, published and in manuscript, compiled a memoir which may worthily take its place on our shelves, and will be invaluable hereafter in America.'

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City of New York, Jan'y, 26, 1839. 6t

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In asking for it the patronage of the public it is proper to describe the position which it is intended to occupy, the objects which it will be the aim of the work to promote, and the spirit in which it is to be conducted.

It will be the great object of this publication to furnish religious reading for the *people;* to discuss subjects of religion and morals, and of literature in its religious aspects, in a manner which shall meet the wants of intelligent and inquiring laymen. Whilst it is hoped that its pages will exhibit the results of deep thought and sound learning, care will be taken to avoid an exclusively theological and learned character.

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